The Wellesley Magazine.

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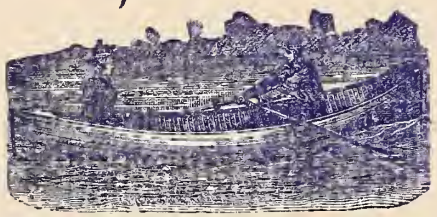

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THE TENDENCIES OF MODERN FRENCH DRAMA.

"FRENCH tragedy is a parody of itself," said Goethe, in the days when Victor Hugo was yet a child and Voltaire still reigned over the French stage with studied severity. And while the dramatic rules of Racine and Boileau were each year invigorated and reinforced, while Voltaire drew the classic laws ever tighter, and held in contempt the very Greeks as too familiar, the tragic drama did indeed pose and strain itself into an attitude not unlike a caricature of its former self. If, as Ruskin once said, "all copyists are contemptible, but the copyist of himself the most so, for he has the worst original," French tragedy at the beginning of the century must be declared *most contemptible*. Not only does it copy itself, but it emphasizes its own hollowest mockeries. Until 1830, Hugo himself tells us, "Instead of scenes we have narrations; instead of pictures, descriptions. Grave personages, placed like a chorus between us and the drama, come and tell us what is taking place in the temple, in the palace, in the public place, until

we are tempted to call out to them, 'Truly? Then why do you not take us there? It must be well worth seeing.'"

But at the time when English actors entered Paris, in 1827, and played Shakespeare's dramas to an awakening public, the rebellious spirit of innovation was already at work among the French, and before the year was out war was waging between the old classic school and the new band of "romanticists." Of the half dozen writers who were bold enough to throw aside the stilts on which the stage had gradually perched itself, two leaders — Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas — succeeded in gaining a stand, and in demonstraitng that a true poet needs only "the sturdy limbs that nature gave" to climb Mount Parnassus and kneel devoutly before the shrine of Art.

One who regards Shakespeare's plays as the highest productions we know may perhaps view the masterpieces of these romanticists with some misgivings. Hugo's *Hernani* has for hero a bandit who secures the affections of the fair Dona Sol in spite of the machinations of two powerful rivals, to one of whom he is indebted for his life. A compact has been made between them that at any time his rescuer shall blow a blast on his hunting horn, Hernani shall straightway drink poison as a tribute of gratitude to his noble friend. In the triumphant moment of the hero's marriage with his lady, won after many hardships, the horn is heard,— and Hernani, after quaffing his draught, leaves enough of the poisoned wine in the cup to enable his newly-made wife to share his death and contribute to the general discomfiture.

The rapid movement of the play has, however, its fascination, and the many exquisite passages leave the reader indisposed to dwell on obvious weaknesses. But we can hardly wonder that the classic devotees stood aghast, and that before the first run of the play was over there was not an act, incident or line that had not been hissed, at least once.

Dumas' greatest drama is *Henry III.*, but he is better known to the American public through the dramatizations of the stories, *The Count of Monte Christo* and *The Three Musketeers*. The giddy rate at which one is spun from one intrigue to another in *Henry III.* is quite a respectable pace when compared with the mad plunging through a hodge-podge of dangers, crimes, plots, hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures accomplished in

the other two plays. The historic basis in them all is little more than a pretence, but they are stirring plays, with force, invention and variety enough to render them not unworthy one of the pioneers of a new school who, at sixteen years of age, was baptized poet, "in the name of Shakespeare, of Corneille, and of Schiller."

The romantic movement was neither led nor sustained by great dramatists, and it is doubtful whether the plays which mark its advent will long survive now that the enmity of the classicists has ceased to attract by its abuse the attention of the public. The best of its writers are better at the novel than the drama, and it is only by their spirit and ingenuity that they claim the public ear. They are melo-dramatic in tone, and cannot be called great dramatic poets. Having scandalized the French drama out of its grotesque proprieties, they have performed their task, and, like Samson, they die with their enemies. The pillars which support the classic temple of fame are broken by them, and descend on their own heads, felling romanticism with their weight; while of the levelled ruins is formed a new stage — so broad as to find room for Sardou and the younger Dumas side by side with Daudet and Augier; so low, shall we say, as to offer a place even to Octave Feuillet and Georges Ohnet; so strong, shall we predict, as to bear up under the thunderous tread of the naturalists, headed by the robust and relentless analyst of the passions of men — Emile Zola.

The classicists preached a gospel of form, the romanticists elevated passion to the pedestal of worship, slighting not only convention but consistency and common sense. The realists came next in order, and were as energetic to repudiate the fetish of romanticism as the preceding school had been to spurn the classic gods.

Emile Augier is the most gifted as well as the best known of the poet-romanticists, but if Voltaire's saying be true that "there are no really good works except those which go to foreign nations, which are studied there, and translated," Augier has produced little that is good. It is curious that our theatre-going public should be familiar with *Camille*, *Le Demi-Monde*, *La Tosca* and *Fedora*, when hardly one of Augier's plays is known even by name. The popularity of *Dumas fils*, whose claims to the title of moralist have been received with some derision, and the neglect of Augier, whose plots are eminently proper, lead one to judge that Americans are either un-

willing to bring confusion into their dramatic vocabulary by combining the antipathetic terms *French* and *moral*, or that they are not at bottom convinced that the French play, of which *Camille* stands as the type, can be easily improved upon.

It is not possible to discuss the relative merits of individual dramatists at length here, still less the mooted question of morality in the French theatre, but it is worth while to observe that the best literary style, the most faultless taste and the purest thoughts may be found at least in such plays as *The Adventuress*, *The Son-in-Law of M. Poirier*, and *The Son of Liboyer*, three of Augier's best works. The disposition, fortunate or unfortunate, moral or immoral, shown by most Frenchmen of the present time, to hack away eternally at the seventh commandment, is not noticeable in Augier, though he may be but the verifying exception to the rule laid down by one critic — that the third person in marriage is as necessary to the plots of the French writers of the nineteenth century as the third estate in government to those of the statesmen of the eighteenth.

Alexandre Dumas the younger, who stands between Angier with his sound sense and high ideals, and Sardou, with his cheap, showy plays, must be named as the greatest realist. For Dumas fils is the first to bring on the stage scenes taken from actual life, vital and real. His characters are strong and new, and although the idea of his best known play, *Camille*, comes first to the light in the earlier work, *Manon Lescaut*, his next greatest play, gives form to so unfamiliar a stratum of society that Dumas may be said to have enriched the French and foreign vocabulary with the word which is its title — *Demi-Monde*. The *half-world* hanging midway between the real world and the social outcasts, and made up of an ambitious mass struggling to gain an entrance or regain a right to the upper circles from which it is shut out by fault or fortune, is hard for an American to comprehend, and even for a Frenchman to recognize, but it exists. Standing at the very threshold of the true "world," and resembling it as a very echo, it is thronged with repudiated wives, ambitious adventuresses, and clever intriguers. Dumas says it may be known by the absence of the husband. According to him, this strange half-world is a training school, and a young man like himself, with no moral instruction, living in the demi-monde until he arrives at the age of discretion, will discover for himself all the precepts usually laid down

by anxious parents; and these precepts, be it said, including the entire range of scriptural quotations, M. Dumas fils has it at his fingers' ends. He is a moral teacher — so he says. He has tried it himself, and immorality does not pay. In his later years he unmistakably preaches, and what immorality there is in his earlier work must be sought in omissions rather than statements. It may be immoral to fail to explain that Camille is a grand exception among women of her class: it is not immoral to show that she is noble and self-sacrificing. Moreover, Dumas fils states squarely that he disapproves of badness. "Be not bad, for you will be unhappy" is at least negatively moral.

Sardou, though so well known, is meretricious. A trifling writer, brilliant but not profound; ingenious, but not sincere. It is a saying worth remembering that Sardou is cleverness raised to the *n*th, and cleverness with more of the light and less of the heat belonging to it than is found in any other man. The wide acquaintance of the general public with Sardou may perhaps be explained by the fact that Mme. Bernhardt acts his plays, and America knows *La Tosca* and *Cleopatre*, if not through the English tongue, through that language of all humanity into which they are translated by the greatest actress on the stage.

An understanding of the popularity of French plays and of the reasons for their pre-eminence aids not only in following the march of dramatic art, but in grasping the essential elements of the drama in general. To Eugene Scribe, we may look for suggestions. He, more than any other man, has perfected the art of constructing plays, and his four hundred dramas and numerous librettos have made a name for him in every land. Since his advent the French stage has led the world, and his careful attention to plot rather than character, to action rather than thought, to what is done rather than what is said, may indicate the lines along which the drama is tending. The explanation of the fact that we all know *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, *Frou-Frou*, *A Scrap of Paper*, *The Partners*, *Our Society*, *The Iron-Master*, *The Two Orphans*, *Nana*, *The Abbe Constantin*, *The Paper Chase*,— that our American stage is absolutely filled with translations and adaptations from the French, while such English and American plays as we have are largely imitations of the modern French school, may lie in the very nature of the French mind, which is clear, vigorous and picturesque rather than elaborate, profound and ethical.

This versatile and brilliant people, always in the vanguard of civilization, has had half a dozen revolutions in government since the American Declaration of Independence, and three revolutions on the stage. Classicism, with its poetic calm and severe taste, held its own at the beginning of the century. Romanticism, with its fire and turbulence, was born in 1830 and died soon after. Realism, with its fidelity to every-day life and its photographic details, came in 1850. Realism still lives, but the critics who point to Tolstoi, Bourget, DeMaupassant and Daudet as leaders in the realm of romance, are certain that the more pronounced school of naturalism, which outrealizes Realism in denouncing plot, artistic skill, and artificial construction, is crowding to the front, and must gain the day.

Naturalism may best be described in the words of its most eminent disciple, Zola. It is "the return to nature. It is what scientific men did when they first thought of beginning with the study of bodies and phenomena, of basing themselves on experience, of working by analysis. Naturalism in literature is also the return to nature and to man, direct observation, exact anatomy, the frank acceptance and depicting of the thing as it is." An inquest on humanity is what M. Zola proposes in his new school, with no aim but to observe. But although any inquiry must always attract the mind of man, one cannot, after reading such a play as Therese Raquin, help feeling a throb of sympathy for the man who defines a naturalist as "one who refuses to paint your picture unless you are pitted with small-pox."

Whether or not the naturalists are the future dramatists, and whether or not the stage will become a dissecting table, unimaginative, unartistic, unmoral, one thing is certain. *If* the stage is to be universal in its range it is a mistake to bring only diseased bodies and rotting members for inspection. Zola's scientific spirit, while it may be in touch with the "historic criticism" attitude of the day, with the pitiless curiosity now uppermost in all schools of thought, fails in so far as it sees only the dreary side of life, just as the romantic spirit fails in seeing only its ideal side. Perhaps a little touch of humor in Zola would give one a respite from his heroic hideousness.

And yet he is the only dramatist of the century, except Hugo, who is not humorous. The drama of the day is *Comédie* — not the old-fashioned comedy, but a bright, sketchy painting of modern manners with a dash of sarcastic humor. The great majority of French writers give us even farces and

vaudevilles. The stage is also becoming more spectacular. The *show* part, the staging, costuming, grouping and scenic effects are often half the play—sometimes all. The tendency to abolish the old placard, which once announced the city in which the scene was laid, and to indicate by appropriate surroundings all the circumstances and setting, finds something of a parallel in the disposition to leave out the statements of the morals supposed to be taught, and to expect the situations and consequences to speak for themselves. Those who hold that scenery distracts attention from the drama proper may consistently claim that real and natural incidents distract attention from the lessons taught. It is as true to say scenery destroys drama as to say naturalism destroys morality. If, indeed, we believe life to be immoral, we must hold that a picture of life *au naturel* is perforce immoral. If life seems to us ethical, a copy of life cannot but carry its lesson. If life is a puzzle, which can only be called *un*-moral, its photograph will be for us meaningless from the standpoint of ethics. Granted that the naturalist does what he says he does — gives us a chapter of real life — we shall, each of us see that chapter through the glass of individual character, and the resulting impression on the mind will depend upon the nature of the glass.

AGNES SINCLAIR HOLBROOK.

"THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION"— MURILLO.

It came when all the realm of sky,
That 'twixt God's earth and heaven did lie,
Was dark, when masses heavy-white
Of clouds, gray-shadowed by the night,
Rolled writhing in the great On High.
It came, a slender, crescent line
Of light, from out the sun, to twine
Its arms about the dark and shine.

That night, a woman's soul that lay
Along God's straight and narrow way
Was dark. When, lo! a slender line
Of light — a ray from the Divine —
Close clasped her soul and sought to shine.

She wandered through the spirit sky,
Adored by heaven's cherubim,
And lifting to Great God, Most High,
Her eyes, wherein her soul did lie
The while it sang its praise to Him.

And ever did the cherubim —
God's heaven children, yet unborn —
Whisper to her sweet thoughts of Him
Who on that wondrous winter morn
Within her arms at last should lie.
They taught her heaven's lullabye,
That stills the heaven children's cry,
They filled her soul with thoughts of things
That through earth's sinning should endure,
And keep her child forever pure,
As doth befit a King of Kings.

And men may see that vision bright,
Born of a painter's inner sight.
The white clouds floating through the night,
The woman with uplifted eyes,
And flowing hair and folded hands,
Surrounded by the cherub bands—
God's thoughts in a divine disguise —
And men may see the crescent moon,
That new-born slender, silver line;
But angels saw the ray divine
Within her soul, the line of light
That twined about her dark that night.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

HELLENISM: AS SHOWN IN WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR'S "DRYOPE."

A GROUP of poems by Walter Savage Landor, known as "Hellenics," best shows the influence of the old Greek thought and art upon modern poetry. The poems are introduced by the lines.

> "Who will away to Athens with me? who
> Loves choral songs and maidens crowned with flower
> Unenvious? Mount the pinnace; twist the sail."

Whoever accepts this invitation is carried into a country where Dryads and Hamadryads people earth and water: where the days are spent in happy revel, on the cool, grassy slopes; where life is careless and restful.

The story of "Dryope" is an idyll of this fair country, tranquilly and gracefully told. The subject is classic, and the treatment is in keeping

with the theme. The classic spirit is felt, first of all, in the very sentence-structure.

"Oeta was glorious; proud of ancestry
There Dryops reigned . . . but above
All ancestry went forth his daughter's fame,
Dryope, loved by him. . . . "

Although the passages are totally dissimilar in thought, a comparison of form may be made between this and, "*Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἔδρῃ καδήνδε πολυκτας δῖος Ὀδυσσευς ὕπνῳ καὶ καάμιτῳ ἀρήμενος.*" "Thus, then, he was slumbering, wearied, godlike. Odysseus by sleep and weariness mastered." This shows a like position of words and phrases, verb and subject.

"He rusht on Dryope,
So slow in due performance of the rites.
Rites which their fathers, for their gods ordained,"

is another instance of this Greek construction.

Although the references to Nereids and Dryads set the poem among the pastorals of a later day than that of Homer, there are Homeric touches in the epithets, which give descriptive bits, without delaying the story. Dryope is loved by him "whose *radiant* car surmounts the heavens."

"The tresses of his *golden* hair
Wills he to fall . . . On Dryope alone."

Again note the Homeric method of character portrayal, by means of qualifying epithets. The phrases, "*proud of ancestry*, there Dryops reigned," "Apollo, proud of Python slain," remind us of *Μεγαλήτορ' Ἀλκίνοος* or *γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη*.

The kind of beauty in the poem is an evidence of the Greek influence. No scene is overcrowded. The writer makes no effort to pack the verses with description. Neither is there any strain on the part of the reader to see all that is given. Indeed, more is suggested than mentioned. The first verse produces a sense of wondrous beauty. The classic influence is shown by the restrained form of expression. Where Swinburne or Rossetti would have given a wealth of color and glowing imagery, Landor, with the control of a tranquil Greek, simply says,

"Oeta was glorious."

Again, in the lines,

"He followed her along the river bank,
Along the shallow, where the Nereids meet
The Dryads,"

we feel the beauty of the cool river bank; but Landor refrains from describing the shallow. He is content to tell us, it was "where the Nereids meet the Dryads."

"Suddenly
Burst forth the sound of horn and pipe."

The music is that of Greek pastoral life. Dryads and Hamadryads, revels, and the circling dance, bring to mind groves, alive with gentle nymphs and merry satyrs.

"Weary with dancing, Dryope reclined
On the soft herbage."

No unnecessary detail confuses. The picture is beautiful, and is clearly drawn; but, again, the classic restraint renders it a picture in marble, instead of a colored painting.

"Before her feet
Shone forth a lyre." "Whose that lyre
Each askt."

The name of the instrument suggests Apollo, and the sense of mystery rouses thoughts of gods and unseen powers.

"She thrust it in her bosom. Ha! Behold!
A snake glides forth."

This incident is directly from the Greek mythology. Then with the serene movement of the classic school, Landor stops to tell how

"Antinoë dasht upon her fragile reed
Her tender hand."

The snake "rusht on Dryope so slow, in due performance of the rites." The tone here is classic, for the time was, when the gods were near to men, and brooked no slight.

The description of the snake, by the nymphs, who relate much of the action and, in a measure, take the part of the chorus, is less restrained than other parts of the poem.

"How he licks
Her eyes and bosom! how he bends her down
When she would rise and run away."

"How swells the creature's neck! how fierce his crest!"

Another bit of a beautiful picture is the line

"Deep in a woody dell, beneath a cliff."

It suggests tall trees, cool shade, and the play of sunlight upon the "soft herbage." There is a restful green light over the scene, although Landor mentions no color.

The allusion to teasing lizards, "on hot days," is far from modern. Nor can we imagine a maiden of Mediæval times thus engaged. At this point comes in the one part of the whole poem which seems inconsistent.

" . . . The species seems
Rare, it is true."

The idea of a nymph making a distinction between "species" is astonishing, and has too strong a touch of the nineteenth century scientific movement to be spoken by a wood-nymph, in a Greek idyll centuries ago.

The only bit of color in the poem is purple, and that quickly changes to white. The absence of color is an essentially Greek element.

As the poem approaches the end, the fatalism, at the root of Greek philosophy begins to be felt. The nymphs return, "with downcast eye." They recall and tremble at the power of the God. The culmination of this idea is where Dryope is pitied by the nymphs. Dryope,

"The victim of such cruelty."

The restraint here is wonderful. The quiet withdrawal of Dryope,

"Slowly, nor staying to reprove,"

has none of the nineteenth century fire and passion. There is no rebellious outbreak against fate; it is entirely submissive.

In four lines, Landor concludes the story of Dryope's life, Dryope "the happy spouse of Andræmon"; "the mother of Amphisson"; Dryope "celebrated in the groves and dales of Oeta."

As a whole, the poem is objective. We must know the author's keen sympathy with the quiet Greek content, although he gives no subjective treatment. The atmosphere is that of warm springtime, in an Arcadian vale. The soft grass lies thick in the dell. The air is rarefied. We get no perfumes borne on the wind from the sweet flowers of the valley. It is all cool and clear. Although color is lacking, the form is perfect, and Landor gives real pictures, for we supply the elements of color and atmosphere.

With the restraint of a Greek sculptor, Landor gives no more than would be necessary in modelling a statue. In this poem there are the elements of Keats' "Greek Urn."

As Dryad and Hamadryad "run before, behind," we are reminded of.

"What men or gods are these?"

Dryope, slow in performing rites, suggests the "maiden loath."

Keats' "What pipes and timbrels" might be a translation of Landor's

"Suddenly
Burst forth the sound of horn and pipe and clash
Of Cymbal."

The woody dell, if moulded upon a Greek urn might call forth,

"Ah, happy, happy bough! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu."

The flying, frightened nymphs; the snake coiling round the weary Dryope; the appearance of the god with arms outstretched, might all find place upon a chiseled urn, and to this vase the lines of Keats might well be applied:

"O Attic shape! Fair attitude; with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!"

MAUDE KELLER.

MEDIÆVALISM: AS SHOWN IN TENNYSON'S SIR GALAHAD.

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruel markes of many a bloudy fielde;
* * * * * * * *
Full jolly knight he seemed, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

So rides Tennyson's Sir Galahad, out of the forests of Provence, out of the realm of trouvère and troubadour, out of the mists of the Middle Ages, into the light of modern day and modern England; past

"Hall and grange,
By bridge and ford, by park and pale."

So he rides, with rythmic, rocking lope, singing his roundelay — his roundelay or Tennyson's? That is the question.

The external form of the song may be regarded, on the whole, as legiti-

mately mediæval; the twelve-line stanza, written in iambic tetrameter with rhymes for alternate lines, being simply a variation of the ordinary ballad-stanza. It is musical, but not in the complicated sense in which the essentially modern poem is musical. It lends itself to a tune, which the modern musical poem seldom does. It lends itself also to the mediæval moods of the knight-errant who croons:

> "How sweet are looks that ladies bend
> On whom their favours fall!"

or hums softly to himself:

> "I muse on joy that will not cease,"

or shouts through the forest with all the force of his mediæval lungs:

> "All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
> Until I find the Holy Grail."

Studying the poem stanza by stanza in search of mediævalisms and modernisms, we find the first stanza crowded to the uttermost with images of chivalry; eye and ear are filled with the vision and the sound of the tournament of the Middle Ages, and the effect is accomplished mainly by the use of the quaint old words:

> My good blade carves the casques of men.
> * * * * *
> "The shattering trumpet shrilleth high.
> * * * * *
> "The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly.
> * * * * *
> "They reel and roll in clanging lists."

And the realism of the scene is still further enhanced by the contrast of this little touch at the end:

> "Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
> That lightly rain from ladies' hands."

There are two lines in this first stanza that slip out of the heated air of chivalry and the tournament into a rarefied atmosphere:

> "My strength is as the strength of ten
> Because my heart is pure."

And these give us an insight into the religious spirit of the age, — the spirit of faith and mystery, — and also a glimpse into the soul of the "maiden-knight" — a mediæval soul, for what knight of to-day would not be too

self-conscious or too self-deprecatory, thus innocently to shout aloud his consciousness of power, with all the trees of the forest near to listen and shake their heads?

The opening lines of the second stanza give us another touch of chivalry, an inward touch, a revelation of the chivalric personality of mediæval man; and the thought is again made clear by the quaint words:

"How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their *favours* fall;
For them I *battle* till the end,
To save from *shame* and *thrall*."

In sharp contrast to the chivalry appears the asceticism in the remaining lines of the stanza, — the allusion to *crypt* and *shrine*, the self-denial of all pleasures of sense:

"I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine,"

and the religious enthusiasm:

"More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will."

Thus far our knight has proved his right to sing the song; has confined himself within the limits of his own time, and has carefully refrained from borrowing images from posterity. In the first line of the third stanza, however, we feel for the first time that he is trespassing upon forbidden ground, or rather that he is riding beneath a nineteenth century sky. It is of course possible, but is it probable, that a knight of the Middle Ages would have spoken of "the stormy crescent?" The use of the adjective is subjective and modern, for while the thirteenth century doubtless had crescent moons we do not feel so sure that it possessed "the stormy crescent."

The remainder of the stanza reflects the spirit of the Middle Ages through two other of its aspects: Roman Catholic ritualism, as seen in "the noise of hymns," the "secret shrine," "the tapers burning fair," "the snowy altar cloth," the silver vessels and the censer.

And superstition, as seen in the lines:

"I hear a voice, but none are there,
The stalls are void, the doors are wide.
* * * * *
And solemn chaunts resound between."

Stanza number four continues with the thought of the supernatural, changing for a second from the superstition of religion to that of magic:

"Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board, no helmsman steers ——"

and mounting to the religious again with:

"A gentle sound, an awful light."

In the next three lines our knight displays distinctly artistic tendencies: moreover, he is a Pre-raphaelite:

"Three angels bear the holy Grail;
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail,"

and a Preraphaelite of the modern school, a fact betrayed by his "sleeping wings," another instance of modern subjective use of adjective.

The mystic of the Middle Ages reappears in the line:

"Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!"

and expands fully into the nineteenth century poet in the last three lines:

"My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars."

in which the beauty, the feeling and the words (as *star-like*) are distinctly modern.

In this stanza we begin to feel the spirit of quest, effort, yearning, which so pervaded the Middle Ages, and this feeling grows more intense throughout the remainder of the poem and reaches its climax in the closing lines. It is the spirit of adventure, the search after an ideal, the yearning towards the spiritual, the mysterious.

In the fifth stanza the modern and mediæval touches are curiously mingled; we have the "goodly charger," the cock that crows ere the Christmas morn, the "brand and mail," while on the other hand we have the purely subjective treatment of nature and the modern use of adjective in "dreaming towns" and "streets dumb with snow," and the wholly modern adjective in "branchy thickets." Ending with a bit of supersition and an exquisite but perfectly objective and mediæval handling of nature in:

"But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields."

Number six, continuing in the spirit of yearning, gives us a touch of the symbolism employed by Holy Church; and also a glimpse of the almost trance state attained sometimes by the mediæval mystic:

" I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams."

Culminating in the religious ecstasy of the last lines:

" And stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes
Are touch'd, and turn'd to finest air."

The seventh stanza breaks into joyous prophecy as the vision becomes more clear to the excited knight, who, no longer indulging in modern reflections on nature, rises again to the height of pure mediævalism from which he started in the first stanza. Mystery, asceticism, chivalry, effort, all, are contained in the lines:

" Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear.
'O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near.' "

Then with a sudden plunge the rider leaves his dreaming, and dashes off and away with the shout, impossible to modern world-weariness:

"All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail."

It is cleverly done, this burst of mediævalism at the end, but we must not let it blind us to the fact that our knight has several times lapsed into modernisms, and beautiful as these modernisms have been, and much as they tended to beautify the poem as a poem, they have detracted from its mediæval character.

And yet *Sir Galahad* is perhaps less impregnated with modernisms than any of Tennyson's mediæval poems except *St. Simeon Stylites*, for the *Idylls of the King*, besides the subjective nature descriptions, contain an undercurrent of ethical thought which is essentially modern.

The question now arises: is it reasonable to suppose that the poet, in

order to produce a perfectly accurate picture of the Middle Ages, will be able to strip from his verse all those modern touches which he knows enhance its beauty and its poetry? This seems to us impossible; first, because it would be turning backward upon the steps of the evolution of poetry; secondly, because it would kill the poet.

Civilization has advanced since the thirteenth century; and that the evolution of civilization should continue in the nineteenth century while that of poetry, which is one of its elements, should circle back to the thirteenth century and leave our modern civilization in the lurch is in opposition to all law and experience.

That the poetry of the thirteenth century could be written in the nineteenth, would argue nothing more than stagnation, and a clever imitative faculty.

Secondly, the poet is a creature of progress; and if he should persist in constantly forcing back his new growth of thought, he would smother himself.

We might then have imitators, dilettanti, amateurs, antiquaries — a complacent race of individuals — but never poets.

It is because of his very progressiveness that the modern poet has embraced these foreign forms and themes. They make his new thought artistic, they take it out of the ugliness of modern civilization, they make it more striking by contrast. The poet dreams not of returning to the old myth of the Greeks, but of creating for the world a higher myth; of passing from the strange, chaotic, brightly colored imagination of babyhood to the higher imagination attained after the commonplace years of childhood and early youth are past.

Let the poet choose as he will from the world's shelf of bric-a-brac, a Greek lamp, a mediæval candlestick, or a liberty torch, but if he does not put a light in them, it were as well to leave them on the shelf.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

SEAWARD.

In the heart of the hills a lingering stream
Goes songfully on to meet the sea;
In the heart of the hills enthralled in a dream
My life waits wistfully.

I kneel me down where the waters pass,
'Mid purpling flags and lilies of white,
I bury my face in the long sedge-grass
That the waves kiss in their flight.

I whisper down through the water's sheen,
"Oh, stream, thou art brave to seek the sea,
'Mid the sin and the shame that wait between,
Thou wilt lose thy purity.

"I dreamed a dream of the hidden years,
And my heart is songless, my lips are dumb,
My eyes are wet with the whole world's tears
For the sin and the shame to come."

The stream made answer in glimmer and glow,
"In spite of purity, lost or won,
The stately ships pass to and fro,
And the world's work must be done.

"Beyond the pain, and beyond the mist
There waits forever the vast of the sea,
And the voice of the hoar Evangelist
Thunders, 'Eternity.'"

There with my face in the cool sedge-grass,
I heard the murmur of waters that flee,
I caught the flutter of wings that pass,
And my soul longed to be free.

My feet were fain for the river-side
Beyond the hills and the stream's glad birth,
My eyes were fain for the vision wide
Of meeting sky and earth.

My heart grew eager to bear and know
The toil, the pain, the shame and the strife,
That rise and gain in the surge and flow
Of the turbulent tide of life.

Then, lo, in the hills was borne to me,
Outpouring from water, and air, and sod,
An echoing chant from the measureless sea
Of the infinite spirit of God.

In the heart of the hills, a lingering stream
Goes songfully on to meet the sea,
In the heart of the hills, enthralled in a dream,
My life waits wistfully.

ADA S. WOOLFOLK.

PEN PICTURES.

One day I was sitting on a rock by the shore, idly gazing out to sea. Nothing in particular was in my mind; the sea and shore seemed uninteresting; but I still sat there, waiting, I knew not for what. It was a dull gray day, and very warm. The tide was slowly coming in without much life in it — not even enough to foam and fret as usual at the barren reefs guarding the land. A pale line of foam marked the distant reef, and a narrower one, not stationary like the first, but growing steadily nearer, showed how the sea was coming slowly, relentlessly, to cover up the little jagged rocks, the dainty pools fringed with seaweed and filled with quaint sea-creatures, and perhaps even the seat on which I was resting.

Still I felt disinclined to move. Slowly I turned and looked along the land for relief. No sign of life. The shore stretched far, an expanse of dull white sand here and there marked by tangles of prickly sea-grass, with its great spiky balls, or by thickets of screw-pine and cactus. All was bare, spiritless, even the vegetable life showing repulsive and gray. The sea were better than that, surely.

Suddenly there appeared a sea-gull with strenuous wings beating out to sea. How changed things were! A film fell from my eyes, the whole expanse showed its meaning in its face. Nature had given me one of her secrets to keep. There was no need of staying longer; I had my lesson. I went, content to work and struggle if need be.

All summer long the leaves have been gathering in stores of sunshine They have danced in the breezes, glowed in the sunlight, and eagerly refreshed themselves with the summer rain. The ripening time has come for them too. The glowing golden life has been shown through their every pore. The fulfilment of their dainty springtide promise has been rich and glorious. What next? There they lie in great brown heaps, yet in them is the essential glory which they had at the beginning. Is it all to be at naught?

Some one applies a torch to the funeral pyre. The time has come for rendition. The essential sunshine leaps out as the brown bodies quiver and shrink. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes. Some flee the glorious torture and are seen gleaming temporarily through the pillar of smoke, like dead souls

from Purgatory. Not daring to live they drop, — leaves in form indeed but with the life eternally gone.

What a varying view it is! It changes with every mood of mine. Or perhaps the process is just the reverse and the color of my thoughts, whether "blue" or golden, shifts to suit the weather.

Yesterday was a glowing day. This was my view: whispering leaves and flickering shadows, warm smiles of sunshine on leaf-laden boughs, cool, stray breezes from the lake, — that bit of blue sky fallen to earth and shimmering through green trees and golden sunlight. This is a day when idleness is a pleasure — but work a delight. Few such days there are in any calendar. What inspirations do they bring? — "fair weather" inspirations all too truly, which, like "fair weather" friends, change with the wind.

To-day, a different landscape greets my eyes. The lake, wrinkling distressfully at every breath, sends sullen glances up at me and will not smile. The rugged oaks stand in stolid silence. The leaden sky hangs low above me. Far away, yet ever growing nearer, is the storm cloud.

AGNES S. COOK.

HOW SHE ENTERED IN.

SHE had been very beautiful, very beautiful and very cruel. Loving hearts had been laid upon her altar, but she had turned from them carelessly. Strong, true lives had grown weak and worthless in her service, it was all as nothing to her. Noble purposes, pure ambitions, lofty ideals had been thrown aside and lost under the spell of her malignant beauty, she had still swept on her way unheedfully.

She had been very wealthy, and she had given large sums of money in charity, but she had not seen the shivering beggar, who crouched beside her doorstep, waiting for a glimpse of the "Lady Beautiful." She had been very gentle and gracious to those around her, but she had known no more of their weary heartaches, their sadness and sorrow, than if they had been a thousand miles away. She had lived with no thought of others in her mind, with no sympathy for others in her heart — those others who would have given their lives for one of her cold smiles. She had lived a very

queen in beauty and power, but a queen who received all and gave nothing in return.

And then she died.

They wept for her — those others — wept long and bitterly, and refused to be comforted. Her grave was covered with flowers, with the costly tributes of devoted friends, and with the humble offerings of lowlier subjects. The beggar stole in at twilight, and laid a half withered rose upon the mound, and the char-woman took ten pennies from her pitiful earnings and bought a bunch of pansies to place there. They all had worshipped her, and they all mourned for her, all except the little child. The child's mother had given her a cross of rare roses, white and beautiful. "Take them," she said, "take them to her whom we all loved"; but the little one had pushed them from her. "I will not," she cried. "I did not love her, and I am glad, glad she has gone." And then she sobbed because they called her naughty, and she laid the roses on the grave unwillingly, but she could not bear her mother's frown.

So the beautiful woman had died, and her spirit rose, and stood before the gates of Heaven, and demanded entrance there. The gates were of pearl, and a wondrous light shone through them, a strange, radiant light, which filled her with awe. She desired, with an intense longing, such as she had never known before, to enter in. But as she stood there an angel appeared before her, a spirit of brightness, and he spoke to her gently:

"Nay, thou canst not enter here."

Wonderingly she looked at him, for she had never before been refused that for which she had asked; but, perplexed by the strangeness of it all, and this new longing in her heart, she answered very humbly:

"Wilt thou not open the gate for me? All my life I went to the church and offered up my prayers. I gave generously to the poor, and I committed no crime. I did not lie. I did not steal. I did not commit murder. I did not covet that which was my neighbor's. Why may I not enter in?"

But the angel only lifted his hand and stood in silence. Then suddenly she heard music, as of the chanting of a great chorus.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The sounds died away, and the angel turned and looked upon her sadly. "Go," he said, "go and seek for this love, which as yet thou knowest not, for until thou hast in thy soul the 'love which is of God,' thou canst not enter into the kingdom of God."

And she turned and passed from the light into the outer darkness.

She was very troubled and very sorrowful, as she had never been before, for she knew now how great her misery would be, unless this strange and beautiful longing which had taken possession of her were satisfied, unless finally the gates of pearl rolled backward for her to enter in.

So she began her search for Love.

She wandered on and on in the gray light, so gray and sombre after the heavenly radiance, on and on, until afar off she saw the lights of the starry universe.

"There I will go," she thought, "there among the heavenly bodies I may find this Love which is of Heaven," and she went forward until she came among them.

Round and round her rolled the mighty worlds, each in its own unalterable orbit. The minutes became hours, and the hours days, and the days years, but they paused not, nor changed in their courses. She wandered among them, and called on the name of Love, but only the eternal silence answered her cry. At last her soul grew weary, very weary, and her hope began to fade. Then the Spirit of the Universe stood before her, and spoke to her.

"The mighty force which moves these planets is the force of law and not of love. Go, daughter, go again to thine own living world, and there find that which thou seekest."

So she came again to her own world. She wandered among the mighty forests, over the high mountains, and through the peaceful valleys, and everywhere she sought for Love. The minutes became hours, and the hours days, and the days years. The seed fell to the ground, the flower sprang up, blossomed, and, fading away, scattered more seeds to the wind. The raindrops fell into the stream, and were borne on and on into the mighty ocean, from whence they were drawn up once more into the air to fall as drops of rain. The acorn became an oak, and the birds built their nests in its branches, lived happily their little span of life, then passed away and other birds took their places.

She wandered over the mountains and among the forests, searching for Love, but she found it not, and her soul grew very sorrowful. At last the Spirit of Nature appeared before her and spoke to her.

"The great force which governs nature is that of change, development, not of love. Go, daughter, seek again thine own world of humanity, and there begin thy search anew."

So she turned once more to the haunts of man. She found much hatred and envy and strife among those men, but Love existed too, and grew ever stronger and more beautiful. It was truly the Love for which she sought, but it did not enter into her soul. She saw it on every side but she could not make it her own. The minutes became hours, and the hours days, and the days years, and men were born, and lived their lives, and died, and others took their place.

Then despair filled her soul, and all hope departed from her. But, strangely enough, there came to her, in the midst of her misery, the thought of the half withered rose which the beggar had laid on her grave, and she turned, and wandered back to the grave-yard, where so long ago her beautiful body had been laid. There, in that very spot, they dug now another grave. It was very small, and into it they lowered the coffin of a little child. Near by was a new made mound where the child's father lay, between the two stood the mother. She stood quite still, her white, drawn face lifted toward heaven, but there was a beautiful light in her eyes and her lips murmured brokenly, "Thy will be done."

As the spirit of the dead woman hovered near, seeing it all, a great wave of pity filled her soul, and she bent over the mother and kissed her on the brow. Suddenly a strange radiance seemed to fall around her, and beside her stood the spirit of the child. "Come," it said, and together they rose toward Heaven. And lo, the gates of pearl were opened wide.

They entered in, and she heard once more the angel chorus, and then a Voice, like the sound of wonderful, far-off music came the words,

"A little child shall lead them."

JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL.

A STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE'S VILLAINS.

THE origin of evil is a mystery; its existence is a fact; its outcome, we feel sure, is death. We cannot fathom the mystery of its beginning nor understand the fearfulness of its end: but, as a present reality, we must face it daily, and it makes for us the variety, the shadow, the tragedy of life. The power of evil, as we know it, finds expression in man. He may struggle and triumph over it or he may yield himself to it. When he chooses to be dominated by evil and gives himself to the thwarting and sullying of the current of life, we name him villain.

The presence of a thwarting influence is necessary in drama, whose very essence lies in the knotting and unknotting of events or in the collision of opposing forces. In classic drama the fates or the anger of the gods acted largely as the opposing circumstance, while man's part in the tangling of affairs was subordinated. But as Christianity taught man more of the nature and power of God, fate and divine anger as the origin of evil fell behind one active impersonation of evil, the Satan of the Mystery plays. And as Christian thought still grew and men learned more of human responsibility, the drama at length gave us the villain, man himself the evil destiny, the worker of evil to his fellows. The tendency in introducing the villain was to present man as an incarnation of Satan, unmitigated evil. Shakespeare felt this influence in his early work, take for instance Richard III., but, as his genius grew and he saw more clearly that humanity is a mingling of gold and clay, in place of the stock villain, he created characters more truly men, though not less villainous.

It is our purpose to study into Shakespeare's use of the villain and see what the poet held to be the evil in human character.

Shakespeare, on the whole, does not use the villain as prominently as at first we might expect. The entanglement in the earlier plays is brought about by human perversity as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, by natural misunderstanding and incongruity of events as in the *Comedy of Errors*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Twelfth Night*, by supernatural beings as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, by natural outgrowth of tendencies in mistakes, faults and thwarting purposes as in most of the historical plays, and by the working together of human fault and fate as in *Romeo and Juliet*. In the dramatic action of the later plays error holds almost as important a part as villainy.

Brutus and Cassius, Timon of Athens and Cardinal Wolsey were victims of error, not of crime. And one feels inclined to place Mark Anthony here. He yielded to the joy of the moment, and his fault led him to his own ruin; but he was no villain. He sinned grandly not meanly; and though he injured others, treachery and wilful cruelty played no part in his character.

We have the first trace of the villain proper in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Demetrius is not a particularly active force in this drama as a whole, but he is important in one of the strands; he shows a willingness to plot and a capability both of treachery and cruelty; he is such stuff as villains grow from. In *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Shakespeare's transitional play from comedy toward tragedy, we have a fairly well developed villain in Proteus. After this the villain appears very frequently, until Shakespeare reaches the calm of his last period. "On the heights," the villain sinks almost out of sight, and the complication is the result of sudden impulse or past wrongs.

In attempting any classification of Shakespeare's villains we are met with many difficulties. In the first place it is not always easy to determine who is and who is not a villain, for we cannot class as such all who yield to the wrong. Sir John Falstaff was a prime rogue, and Richard II. was a weak, misguided king; these are not villains. It seems to me that in determining a villain we must ask, what are the motives for the evil action, are these motives habitual or accidental, and does the object of the action include cruelty toward others? Having formulated our test questions, the great difficulty comes in applying them. Can we discover the motives? Is it possible to know whether they are habitual or accidental? Is not all evil in a way cruel. In some cases the answers to our questions are plain, in others study can solve the problem; but in not a few instances mere personal opinion must determine the conclusion. However, on broad lines, we may form a correct classification.

In glancing over Shakespeare's characters we may separate from our villains the rogues. Falstaff, Sir Toby Belch and Autolycus represent this class. They are braggarts, topers, and of loose morals in general; but their wrong is rather against themselves than others. They are not actuated by cruelty or treachery.

Another class consists of more or less insignificant characters, bordering between the rogue and the villain. These are largely catspaws and accom-

plices like Roderigo, Parolles, Trinculo. We may class Iachimo as half-way between a villain and an honest man; he entered villainy rather for the excitement of the chase than for any delight in cruelty, and his repentance shows he had better stuff in him. Here we may put as tinged with villainy but not altogether villains men of mixed motives like the Tribunes in *Coriolanus*, and those sinning from sudden weakness and repenting like Sebastian in *The Tempest;* and Leontes, Proteus and Bertram may be classed here on the ground that they acted from temporary motives, contrary to their natural characters. I, however, hold that they come very near the villain proper, and am strongly inclined to put them down as villains who repent in the end.

Turning now to the villains proper, we notice first a goodly number of the insignificant sort, such as Stephano and Caliban, the murderers in *Richard III.*, and *Macbeth*, Borachio and Conrade, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. These all are low-minded, under-handed and cruel men. Shakespeare does not spend time over them and we will not, but will proceed at once to our study of the great villains.

I have chosen to present two classifications on different bases, but commensurate. The following scheme gives them:

a. Classification according to the moral and psychological view.

1. Self-deceiving villains.

King John.	Angelo.	Claudius of Denmark.
Shylock.	Lucio (?).	Cornwall.
Oliver.		Macbeth.
Duke Frederick.		Antonio.

2. Self-recognizing villains.

Richard III.	Iago.
Don John.	Edmund.

b. Classification according to the outcome in events.

1. Those turning from villainy.

Duke Frederick.	Shylock (?).	Edmund.
Oliver.	Angelo.	Antonio.

2. Those continuing in villainy to the end.

Richard III.	Lucio.	Iago.
King John.	Claudius of Denmark.	Macbeth.
Don John.	Cornwall.	

These schemes are open to criticism and explanation.

We may question the place of Lucio. Little of his inward experience is given us; but he appears as an utter profligate, base and treacherous, lying for the sake of delight in slander, and, when discovered, without the grace of shame. Although in the main his vices ally him with the rogues rather than with the villains, yet his cruelty, suggested in his attitude toward his illegitimate child, and his delight in working evil, shown especially in the scenes with the Duke, justify our classifying him as a villain; and his fantastical, irresponsible character leads us to mark him as a self-deceiver, though on this point there is a question. Shakespeare's conception of Lucio is given in singling him out as the one irredeemable man of the play.

Claudius of Denmark did recognize the evil of his deed in killing his brother, but blinds himself against the utter villainy into which he has sunk. In the midst of his plottings he would pray. Oliver, Duke Frederick, Antonio and Cornwall are closely allied to Claudius in character and crime. We are given no hints that they recognized themselves as villains, and from general evidence we may conclude that they were men who ignored or largely justified to themselves their own crimes.

Shakespeare is true to life in giving us few self-recognized, deliberately determined villains. In the main a man slips into crime by small degrees, at each onward step seeking to make himself believe that he has gone no further. By what process Richard III., Don John and Iago have reached the point of deliberate villainy we are not told; they appear before us, full-grown in wickedness. In the case of Edmund the process is suggested in the wrongs of his birth and in his reckless foreign education. Edmund is the least black of the group, for he has more justifying causes for his crime, and he looks toward the object of his deeds rather than revels in the doing of them. He alone turns from evil when dying, "some good to do, despite of his own nature."

There is salvation, Shakespeare teaches, even for the villain, but it is not sure. One condition is some shrinking in the nature from crime, some vague hope for something better, and the other circumstance we may call fate, for want of deeper knowledge. Retribution overtakes Claudius in his sin, while an Oliver and Duke Frederick live to repent; a man may sin like Angelo and be forgiven, but Macbeth finds no return. It seems to me

Shakespeare would teach us that the course of sin is toward death: and, although there is mercy, life and opportunity are uncertain.

The classification of Shylock occasions some difficulty. One may be inclined not to call him a villain, another may hold that he did not turn from his villainy. I think we must call Shylock a villain. He is under the sway of low motives, avarice and revenge; his outbreak over the loss of his ducats rather than his daughter shows the hold the former vice had upon him, and the strength of his passion for revenge is seen in his being glad to lose so much money to satisfy it. He is also obstinately cruel and the evil force in the plot, yet we do not call Shylock a villain of the deepest dye. We feel that the circumstances of his life and his many wrongs have made him what he is; moreover he is kind to his own people and still cherishes a love for his dead wife. His heavy punishment excites our pity; no other of Shakespeare's characters suffers for his sin in so great a degree. We are not told the result of the punishment, but I cannot but feel that the broken old man did in a measure expiate his sin and find a better life.

Having classified the villains in general, I wish to give some particular exposition of villains from Shakespeare's first, second and third periods; in the fourth period, as has been said, the villains are too insignificant to need special study.

The two villains of the first period are Richard III. and King John. Both are actuated by ambition, are able, crafty and cruel. The marked difference between them is that Richard has no secrets from himself, he knows that he is "subtle, false and treacherous," but John deceives everybody, himself included.

Richard III. is a monstrosity and approaches near the stock villain. Shakespeare took him as he found him, and has failed to make him a completely rounded man by lightening at times the shadows of his villainy. Instead, crime follows crime, the basest and most cruel imaginable, until the effect of wickedness is lessened by its very preponderance. This study of unmitigated evil is, nevertheless, very powerful. In Richard's opening soliloquy we are given his motive force — ambition his method — treachery and some explanation for his course in his deformity and its embittering effect in his life. Here Richard openly announces his determination to be a villain. This is an artistic defect, for it would be more forcible as a con-

clusion than as a premise, and it is difficult to imagine a man frankly acknowledging and planning for such wholesale crime at the very start. Richard is the poet's youthful conception of villainy; he is characterized by fearlessness and lawlessness, he knows "no law of God nor man," but he believes in himself and trusts his own power to any length. Having his purpose clear, seeing the steps necessary to its accomplishment, Richard then proceeds to hide his intentions and his character, and "seems a saint when most he plays the devil." And, finally, Richard is cruel, cruel without limit and delighting in his crime. He earns at length the curse of the living and the dead, and worse than all, he himself condemns himself.

> "My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
> And every tongue brings in a several tale,
> And every tale condemns me for a villain."

King John's distinguishing characteristic is his power of ignoring his unscrupulous deeds or shifting their blame on others. Even in the face of his mother, he dare say against Arthur's claim. "One right for us." He tries to put the blame of Arthur's murder upon Hubert, saying:

> "Hadst not thou been by,
> A fellow by the hand of Nature marked,
> Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame,
> This murder had not come into my mind."

And again he deceives himself regarding his base yielding to the Pope, claiming it was done "but voluntary." The mask of his life, however grows thin on his death-bed: truth, at length, forces recognition, and he says, "Within me is a hell," and then again, "The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt"; here lies a "module of confounded royalty."

Turning now to Shakespeare's second period, we will study briefly Don John and Angelo: the former reminds us of the unmitigated evil of Richard III., and the latter anticipates the subtle delineations of the third period. The villainy of these men is suggested by their outward traits. They are not popular, but cold, silent men, hiding away their lives and inclined to cruelty rather than to kindness.

Of the two, Don John is less fully depicted. We see him a dark shadow at the feast, apart from the joy or sorrow of those about him, given to bitter, revengeful thought. He has not the ability to originate plots of the daring and magnitude of those of Richard III.; but he is rather a supreme

representative of the spiteful man. The joy of others rankles within him, and he is ready to stoop to the plans of low accomplices as "food for his displeasure." In his brooding, he has learned enough of himself to know that he is a villain; he glories in it before his accomplices, but when with others, he wraps about him the hypocrite's cloak. Like most spiteful men, he is a coward, and is ever willing to flee from the evil consequences of his deeds; but cruelty, treachery and cowardliness at length find their fitting reward. There seems little left in the man worthy of salvation. Shakespeare leaves him in punishment. If there was any return for Don John, we do not know it.

Angelo, although lacking in human sympathy and proving false to the highest trusts of life, differs widely from Don John. Angelo is a self deceived man. He does not know he is mean, he does not dream he is capable of gross sin. He prides himself on being upright, just and irreproachable, and for the rest of the world he has no charity. But we see him as a thoroughly selfish man, with motives consequently low. He would make his good name for the glory of it, and he would choose a wife for the money she would bring, and breaks faith with Mariana, when the money fails. This broken vow is but the beginning of his downward course. For a long time he still stands fair, but within are the seeds that at length bear fruit; he condemns unmercifully the hot-hearted Claudius, and then commits the same sin but with deeper dye, trading in life and honor to gratify his lust; and as a final act of treachery, when he thinks his victim is in his power, he goes back on his part of the contract.

But he cannot do all this and hear no voice of conscience. He *is* not completely bad. Do what he will to forget it, his "deed unshapes him quite," and he must say,

> "Would yet he had lived!
> Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
> Nothing goes right; we would and we would not."

And out of the depths Angelo is saved, for he truly repents his sin, while bravely facing its consequences. Shamed in the eyes of the world and worthy of death, Angelo gains life, because he finds his own place, sees himself as he is, and turns in horror and penitence from his crime. The devil flees when we face him.

In his third period Shakespeare makes his great studies in evil. Before this the workings of villainy in character have inclined to external presentation; and where analysis has been subtle, it has not been carried to the extreme limit; we now find that the poet knows evil in all its depth and breadth, that, as he sees the bright possibilities open to men, he realizes the black depths into which the same men may sink.

I have chosen, as Shakespeare's supreme representatives of villainy, Macbeth and Iago. In these two characters Shakespeare presents the conditions, the workings, and the outcome of evil choice in men of rare gifts and noble opportunity; and the great interest lies not so much in the outward sequence of events as in the inward experience of the soul.

Macbeth possesses a fascinating personality. He is gifted and gracious; a soldier brave and able, a prince beloved and trusted, a friend worthy of Banquo's love, and a husband exciting devotion almost past belief. He is a man of nerves and fire, versatile, commanding, and keenly alive, imaginative to the extreme, and fascinating even in his moods. This is Macbeth at the opening of the drama. The tragedy of the play lies here; this intense personality comes under the sway of unlawful ambition, whose ends require outrage to the entire nature; ambition conquers, crime prevails, and the man is wrecked. Not the witches nor Lady Macbeth nor any external influence causes Macbeth's fall; he ruins himself and he does it irrevocably, mind, body, and soul. Macbeth possessed a passionate, imaginative, sensitive nature, but lacked firm principle. His nature shrank from an æsthetic or moral shock, but notwithstanding he "would be great." This became his strongest impulse; and Macbeth is a man ruled by impulse. Having thus given the rein to selfish ambition, his ruin becomes inevitable. Macbeth may waver before the start, but once on the field, he rides hot to the finish. He violated his nature and his whole being became disordered. His mind was a mad-house, and his very senses played him false. Sleepless nights and dread dreams and fantasies worked toward a physical wreck. He became less and less controlled, crime followed crime, he was mad with blood; and then there settled upon his soul a terrible apathy from which even the shriek of the women over the dead queen could not rouse him. Life had become to him but "A tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury signifying nothing."

The drama of *Macbeth* is a subjective study of villainy; it shows us, humanly speaking, the losing of a soul. Turning now to *Othello*, we find in Iago a man who has already lost his soul. Here the study is of the baleful effects of one man's utter wickedness.

Iago gives us the keynote of his character in the first scene of the drama, when he says,

> "Not I for love and duty,
> But seeming so for my peculiar end."

Iago was nothing, if not politic; he kept his end in view and played his cards well. He wanted money and he made Roderigo his purse: he was jealous of Cassio and wanted his place, and he succeeded in disgracing and all but murdering him: and finally he hated the Moor and laid his plans for the ensnaring not merely of Othello's fortunes, but of his peace and happiness, and in this he did not miss his aim. Only when he sought to entrap Othello's very soul, did he overstep himself, and right triumph over wrong.

But why did Iago thus hate his general? He suspects, he says, that he has been deeply wronged by Othello, but he owns that it is a "mere suspicion." It is in fact a consequence rather than a cause of his hatred: for the prime reason lay in the fact that Iago was a villain and Othello an honest man. It is the antagonism between a low, treacherous, cruel nature and one, magnanimous, trustful, loving. Othello's large soul continually exasperated the mean Iago, and he sought to bring Othello down to his own level. Iago's was the complete villainy that believes in no lasting good, that gives the bitter sneer at the purest action, and finds or creates evil in all things. This is Iago's chief characteristic; but working towards this, we find that he is suspicious, utterly false, spiteful, cruel. He is as complete a compound of evil as is Richard III., and reminds us of that crafty, determined villain: but Iago, as a man, is more carefully rounded, and his villainy is more subtle and deeper hidden.

Iago is fully equipped for his purposes; his will never wavers and he has a keen sight and quick judgment. He reads character readily and knows how to attack it for his own ends; and he is an expert in hypocrisy, not even his own wife suspects the villain. He makes fools of everybody and aside smiles his smile at the making, until the fortunes of all are held fast in his ruinous toils.

Shakespeare always shows the final overthrow of evil. Though the wicked may prosper, in the end they are plucked up by the roots. Iago works long for wretchedness and death and no one suspects it, till at length sin outsteps itself, and all know him then for a "viper," a "cursed slave," a "demi-devil," and a "damned villain." The discovery comes late, the tragedy is played out; but truth conquers at last and Iago falls in ignominy. We turn from him, and echo Ludovico's words,—

"O Spartan dog
More full than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
"To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it."

In conclusion we may note the fact that Shakespeare's general conception of villainy was always the same; it consisted in the dedicating of self to an unlawful purpose, involving treachery and cruelty. Shakespeare's attitude toward his villains is interesting. He hated Richard III. and King John and rejoiced in their overthrow; during the second period he showed more insight and his attitude was impersonal; in Iago we feel he took an intense intellectual interest, the study fascinated him; and Macbeth we know filled the poet's soul, claiming his deepest sympathy and sorrowful regret. He cannot give him up; at the end there is the flash of the old, heroic Macbeth,

"I will not yield, ... lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, Hold, enough."

Notwithstanding that Shakespeare could thus enter into the attitude of his villains and sympathize with them as men, toward their evil he never wavers, but always brings it to condemnation. He rarely hints of punishment beyond the grave; but even here in this life "Sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

KATE MORGAN WARD.

Editorial.

IS the short story on the wane? Is it too early to ask if, in the eras still to dawn, the short story, like the six-volume novel and the mastodon, is to become extinct? After the fashion of Alice in Wonderland, it is growing smaller and smaller. Is it a demonstration of the survival of the fittest in evolution which now appears to us in the form of the pastel, the prose poem?

It is the delight of the literary evolutionist of the present day to trace by means of minute laboratory work the evolution of fiction; to watch the six-volume novel dwindle to the short story. The six-volume novel is extinct to-day; no one has the time or the patience either to write or read six-volume novels. Why may not the short story meet a like fate? We have just as much time and just as much patience now as we had in the mastodon period of fiction, but to-day we do more "while you wait."

Before our very eyes the short story is shutting up like a conjuror's stick. The world is given over to the writing of prose poems. In the time that it took to produce one short story with its proper amount of continuity and polish, man can produce twenty prose poems; not good, all of them, to be sure, but infinitely better than a bad short story. A quirk of thought, a clever term of phrase, the ragged edges of an idea hastily torn from its fellows — away with continuity! This is the pastel.

The whole world writes pastels. The colleges cry for them. We will not say there is no such thing as a bad pastel; there are some extremely bad ones, especially among the college pastels — the Daily Themes. But there is a certain amount of excitement attendant upon the writing and reading of themes. In plain language, they would seem to depend rather upon luck than upon ability. Because a man gives you a poor theme to day it does not in the least follow that he will not give you a good one to-morrow. With the short story it was different; a man who wrote a poor short story once invariably did it again, and the short stories of the college student were for the most part pre-eminently bad. Not so his themes: these are the pride of his heart; he publishes them, he rejoices in himself as a literary star of lesser magnitude; the large literary lights beam upon him

with encouragement and rejoicing; the "Rhetoric Departments" take unto themselves pride and satisfaction because of these evidences of their wisdom in methods of instruction.

What does it all mean? On the one hand, there occurs to us the encouraging hypothesis that the millennium of literature has arrived and that the whole world has suddenly developed a genius for writing fiction. On the other hand the same facts point to an alarming possibility. Remember that the short story is growing shorter and shorter; it is approaching more and more nearly the dimensions of a luminous point. Can this mean that fiction itself may in time become extinct?

Something is happening to our imaginations. The critics, the interpreters of to-day possess far more imagination, far more power than their weakling brothers in fiction. There is imagination enough in the world but it is turning down a new channel; it is more busy with judging of what was, than in dreaming of what might be.

We have done mighty works in this our nineteenth century. Friends, let us stop and think about them for a little while. It is fate. The hand of the critic is heavy upon us. See how the fire-fly fiction flickers in this, the dusk of our beautiful day.

AMONG the many great opportunities offered to the student during her five years of college life, not the least is that of making friendships. In a way we may say that this opportunity is the one of all the most appreciated, for few women leave college without having known at least one "friend indeed." But if we consider the opportunity as carrying with it also a great responsibility, we must acknowledge that it is not fully appreciated.

There is too often a failure to realize the responsibility of choosing a friend. Many friendships seem to be the result of mere juxtaposition in space. Room-mates, through no will of their own, are thrown together, and a certain intimacy perforce arises. The two, thus placed in a state of incipient friendship, may be harmful to each other, or only unhelpful; or, as happens oftentimes, truly helpful. But, in any case, the tendency is to accept what is at hand and to make the best of it.

The cheerful spirit in which such friendships are undertaken is indeed laudable, and the effect in the rubbing off of corners highly desirable; but in forming deep and lasting friendships — real friendships — there should be a stronger element of deliberate choice. We all want the best we can get of everything, and we generally make some effort to possess it. Why, in making a friend, should we be content with any one who happens to be thrown in our way, instead of striving to attain the best possible human companionship within reach? Of course something can be learned from every living creature, but the fact remains that to be with some people is an inspiration, while to be with others is the reverse. Between the two extremes are all degrees of helpfulness, and it is the duty of every member of society to choose for her friends the highest possible.

Various obstacles may stand in the way of such a choice. There may be diffidence; it should be overcome as in the fulfilment of duty. There may be the sense of personal unworthiness; the desire to fit one's self for the best should be a resistless impulse towards self-improvement. These and other obstacles may hinder our choice, but, most common of all, "*laissez-faire.*" As we grow old it becomes more and more difficult to make new friends, or to adapt one's self to new surroundings. The tendency is to rest content with familiar faces and to grudge a change from an established position. Should not this impulse be resisted as an evidence of mental sloth? As our development progresses we should try to make new friends who can offer something valuable for our advancement in the intellectual or spiritual life, and not rest content with old ones, our equals or inferiors, who inspire in us no spirit of emulation. To make friends with the noblest and best people within the circle of our acquaintance is a duty involved in the determination of our environment. To refuse to take the best human society offered, through disinclination for the effort required, is a forfeiture of opportunity, and even a betrayal of trust.

IN a recent issue of *The Congregationalist* appears an article by Martha C. Rankin, bewailing the growing disposition among college-bred women to leave home and seek their fortunes in the outside world.

The article purports to be a dialogue between a physician, whose daugh-

ter is soon to enter Wellesley, and a family friend. The physician laments the ingratitude and restlessness of young women who, after leaving college, refuse to give their lives to the work of inspiring and cheering their loving parents and regenerating their native towns, a sphere of action to which their duty obviously calls them. The friend, horror stricken at this melancholy effect of the higher education, is able to offer no solace. We, however, having reflected at length upon the trouble, feel prepared to make certain suggestions to the doctor. In the first place, if there is any such wide-spread tendency as he intimates, there must be an underlying and commensurate cause, and until we learn and remove that cause we may struggle in vain against the natural results. In the second place, there are in the home life certain circumstances over which the college woman has no control and which are sufficient to produce the stated effect.

But before entering into this discussion of causes, let us ask the doctor whether he is quite sure that there is any work for the college girl at home, any work beyond what is involved in rendering herself an agreeable and interesting member of society. Is it yet quite self-evident that the youthful bearer of the bachelor's degree is fully qualified for revolutionizing the intellectual and moral condition of her relatives and friends? We are told pretty often now-a-days of what we college women may accomplish at home; of how gladly our mothers will retire from active life and yield to us the household keys that we may put our notions of domestic science and æsthetics to the proof; of how gratefully our fathers will listen to our advice on business matters; of what models of all that is good our small brothers and sisters will become under our guidance; above all of how, under the general inspirations of our characters, the intellectual and spiritual waste in which our relatives have presumably been living will be made to blossom as the rose. Further, if our Samsonian powers do not find themselves fully employed within our own households, we may turn to the thirsting public of our native towns who are doubtless holding out their hands in piteous entreaty that we will come and save them. This, our advisers say, is sphere enough for any woman.

If we may be pardoned the plainness of the statement, these suggestions strike us as extremely funny. They would probably strike some of our friends at home as more than funny. To be brief, as college graduates, we

of course shall have, or should have, acquired some most desirable qualities of character, and we may reasonably hope to be sooner or later of use in the world. But we are not prepared to start in immediately and regenerate anybody. Our native towns hold us in somewhat lofty scorn as rather unpractical and very inexperienced people. Our parents would for the most part be aghast at the idea of yielding any of their duties to us. Our small brothers and sisters may think us very good fun, but are quite confident in their own general superiority. What we want when we leave college is not opportunity for important work, we are not ready for it, but rather the chance to test our newly grown wings, and to strengthen our somewhat flaccid muscles.

College girls have lived a life of aspiration. As their mental horizon has broadened, the fresher, purer air has quickened their blood into new vigor. They do not necessarily devise philanthrophic schemes or literary projects, they simply feel a natural enjoyment in their new sense of self-reliance, of independence, of mental and moral strength. They long for the time when they may act alone, when they may think and plan for themselves. They have come to feel themselves independent, although insignificant, parts of the world. In short, these four years have wrought a natural, and surely if woman has a soul worth strengthening, a not wholly undesirable, change; they have developed children into women.

If, then, the college graduate is restive and discontented at home, it is natural to suppose some circumstance of the home-life in conflict with these aspirations. It is not that she wishes to assume a masculine role, it is not that she longs to carry out some big and unpractical scheme of reform, it is not that she has in any way ceased to regard life at home as in itself the most delightful after all. It is simply that she has gained a sense of her own individuality, that she has become a woman, and must live in an environment where her womanhood is recognized.

Now it is just this point that the majority of parents do not comprehend. The Doctor himself strikes the key-note when he says, "His wife and he felt that they had sacrificed a great deal in having her (their only daughter) away from them during four of the most attractive years of her life." Why, we ask, are, in the eyes of parents, the years from eighteen to twenty-two among the most attractive of a daughter's life? Are bright eyes and pink

cheeks and merry, thoughtless childishness to them the summum bonum? Do they place nobility of character and strength of mind in the second rank? We can understand such an attitude in society, we cannot understand it in parents; and yet the answer is unavoidable, they do feel so, whether logically or not. Their daughter is to them a child still, and only in her childish lightheartedness can they take comfort.

But it is not even this that grates most roughly upon her. It is that return home means return into bondage — have we used a harsh word? the circumstances are harsher — the bondage of one whose powers are chained to the pocket-book of another. We do not mean in any way to detract from the kind and devoted character of the parent. The more loving he is, the more complete, frequently, is the bondage. "Why should my daughter do anything but amuse herself? Why should she not dress herself prettily and be happy? I can support her; I am glad to do it. I want her to have no cares, no troubles. I want her to be a light and joy in my home and to pay no attention to serious matters." This is the brighter side of the picture. Of the other side, of penuriousness and unkindness, we need not speak. Whether the money comes as a monthly allowance or irregularly as it is needed, the effect is much the same. It comes as a gift and necessarily entails upon the recipient certain responsibilities — not the responsibility of devotion and love to her parents, that is a privilege, but of leading a conventional life, of leading the life planned out by another, of making no plans except with the consent, spoken or tacit, of some one else, of being something less than a free agent. This, we take it, is the reason why college women prefer not to return to their own homes, this is the effect of the higher education. And we appeal to a reasoning public, we appeal to the Doctor himself to tell us whether the blame should rest with college graduates, with the college curriculum, or with those who determine the conditions of home life.

The Here Press.

CENSUS OF CLASS OF '93,

On the privilege of wearing the cap and gown during the senior year.

Total number heard from	. . . . .	.	94
" " in favor	. . . . .	.	65
" " opposed	. . . . .	.	29

I.

The adoption of the Oxford cap and gown by the Wellesley seniors seems to me desirable. I shall not state directly the reasons for my position, but I hope to make them understood by means of an immediate consideration of the arguments advanced by those who hold the custom in disfavor.

First, we are told that if we should assume such a dress we should be guilty of imitation. We would be imitating, but would we be guilty? Is imitation in itself an evil? We who have taken one of our national hymns direct from England should not be afraid to follow her in other things, if we find them, after earnest thought, to be good. We should not hesitate to share in a good thing when we find it, even if some one else has been bright enough to discover it sooner than we.

But, on the other hand, let us not rush into a mad copying of the whole when only a part is really good. Imitation is not in itself reprehensible, but it must be judicious to be of real value. It would appear that in a failure to distinguish between such a following of the custom as should preserve the best of its spirit and a slavish copying of its letter, the origin of many objections to the adoption of the dress at Wellesley may be found. Certainly none of us would care to go about clothed in the likeness of an abbreviated "Mother Hubbard" dressing-gown, nor would we under such conditions imagine that an increase of dignity was apparent. By the adoption of such a style one of the arguments in favor of the gown as we really wish it, would be without weight, namely, that the gown is in itself beautiful and lends an air of grace and dignity to its wearer. But if we should attempt to preserve the custom in its more artistic form and in its truest spirit, imitating judiciously, I cannot see that there would be fair ground for reproach.

Just here it may be well to consider the spirit of the custom. We know that it originated in the desire of university authorities to identify students engaging in unwarrantable proceedings. But this origin has, to a great extent, been lost to view; certainly there is no association of this kind in connection with the custom in our American colleges. It is a significant fact that many of our own students were long in ignorance of this origin. Bryn Mawr and the University of Chicago do not seem to have been materially hampered by such considerations. Then what we may call the influential, working spirit of the garb is found in its suggestion of scholarliness; the evil has been rooted out to give place to the good.

I believe, then, that we need not, in this case, be ashamed of imitation; we need think only of the beauty and suggestion of scholarliness, since these are

what first occur to every mind, since they are the most essential in appearance and significance.

But we are further told that the adoption of any uniform by a particular class would render more marked the already pronounced class distinction. I believe that we are all so loyal to our college in itself that much more than the adoption of a particular dress by any class would be necessary to make class distinction obnoxious.

And now I approach, with some trepidation, lest my remarks be misunderstood, a third important question, that concerning the faculty, in case the students should adopt the academic dress. I shall not discuss this question at length, but suggest merely that the principle of judicious imitation could be practised by the powers that be with as much success as by those that be not. If the faculty should choose to wear the scholar's regalia, judicious imitation would obviate all necessity for any appearance in the gallery even remotely suggestive of a New Orleans Mardi Gras.

Caroline Newcombe Newman, '93.

II.

A new objection to the cap and gown was brought forward in last month's discussion of the subject. It is claimed that the proposed adoption would be a poor imitation of a foreign custom. The charge of aping the English is by no means pleasing, and the advocates of the cap and gown should carefully consider this phase of the question.

The objection does not seem to me valid. We have no more thought of imitating Oxford and Cambridge in adopting the cap and gown than in forming boat crews. The custom as desired by Wellesley girls differs so materially in motive and form from the English usage as to be an imitation in little more than in name. The English uniform was compulsory and distasteful to the wearers; the discussion of its adoption here is an outcome of the wishes of the students. Instead of a protective habiliament, as it was originally designed at Oxford to be, it is intended as a garb of honor and distinction, and for the senior class. The English universities gown the faculty as well as the students; no such arrangement has yet been suggested for this college, as has already been noticed. Again, the Wellesley students do not desire the abbreviated under-graduate gown of Oxford and Cambridge, but the full-length robe which was worn here last Tree Day, and which has been recently adopted by the University of Chicago; and that, not for use throughout the course, but to indicate that stage of college life which looks toward the end.

After considering all these departures from the English custom, I cannot feel that the charge of "aping the foreigners," as Dryden puts it, would be justified. The mere fact of its origin in England amounts to little, for, had it not been invented there some American college surely would have discovered the dignity and appropriateness of such a garb. The added dignity, whether a matter of sentiment or not, is by no means a bad thing for a senior class. Uniformity in outward appearance would be likely to strengthen the desirable democratic spirit, and would tend to stimulate both individual and class endeavor. And the honorable distinction of the scholar's dress should certainly belong to those who have reached the last year of the college course.

The proposal that advocates of the gown don it at once, irrespective of class or rank, is scarcely pertinent. The costume is not desired as an individual addition, and no senior, I venture to say, would be willing to wear it as such. The whole point lies in its being adopted by the seniors *as a class*. It will then have a significance and distinction of its own, without which the gown is valueless. If it be true that there is no reason why the senior class should not assume this garb, then let the caps and gowns be ordered at once, and another "senior privilege" will soon be handed down to '94 and her younger sisters.

GRACE E. GRENELL, '93.

III.

WERE THEY JUSTIFIED?

Were the men of Homestead justified in resisting the landing of the Pinkertons? or, to make the question more general, are striking workmen ever justified in an organized resistance to the introduction of non-union labor? Of course it must be conceded that legally the Homestead men were utterly and absolutely wrong, but how was it morally? Were they a mob of wild rioters, fighting against all law and order, or were they, blindly, only half consciously perhaps, risking their lives for a principle? Were the men who fell that day murderers or martyrs?

In these days the majority of thoughtful people admit that it is right and necessary for workmen to band themselves together in trades unions; they admit that under certain conditions a strike may be productive of much good; but there they stop. "A man has a perfect right to strike, if he chooses," they say, "but he has no right to forcibly keep another man from taking the place he has left. To do so is to interfere at once with the liberty of the employer and of the man thus discriminated against." Let us see how far this argument is valid.

When a strike occurs, the position of the two parties is very unequal. The employer has capital and needs labor, the workman has the power to labor and

needs money. They are equal in that each needs what the other has, but whereas the workman has nothing to fall back on but his own scanty savings or the funds of his union, the capitalist can draw at will upon a vast reserve store of labor. Had the trades unions as complete a control of labor as the employer has of massed capital the strife might be fought out on equal terms, but the laws which carefully protect the manufacturer against foreign competitors leave the laborer exposed to the competition of every foreigner who chooses to seek our shores, and so keen is the pressure of want that, regardless of honor, regardless of their own ultimate good and the good of their class, a dozen men rush forward to take the place of one who is out on a strike. Such being the case, a strike is foredoomed to failure, unless this rush of non-union labor can be kept back in some way. If the striking workmen belong to a trade requiring peculiar skill or training they may succeed in controlling all the labor of their particular kind in the country, as the Pilots' Association did before the war, or as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers does now. In that case, there is no need of force, and probably no need of strikes; the men can protect themselves by simpler means.

But when, as at Homestead, a large number of the strikers are common workmen whose places can be easily filled, how are they to make their strike of any effect at all if they must sit by with folded hands and see their work taken by men whose only thought is to gain a temporary relief from want? Shall we say to them, "My friends, you have struck for a principle and it is just and right that you should do so. Now, either give up your principle and go back on whatever terms your employer chooses to offer, or else stand by and see your places filled by men who will yield without question every point for which you have been struggling, who will render your strike nugatory and your efforts at self-protection a farce." True, we do not find in most other relations of life so lofty a standard maintained, and the doctrine of non-resistance practised when so much is at stake, but since we have long been accustomed to demand from the working-classes far more moderation and self-control than we possess ourselves, let us not insist on this point, but let us rather consider the morality of such advice. Of course if the strike is an unjust one all efforts to make it succeed must be condemned; but if, as in this case, the men are striking because they believe their rights as workmen are in danger, then it is their duty, both to themselves and to their class, to protect those rights by every honorable means in their power, peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary; and among honorable means must be classed, I think, open warfare.

"But," it is said, "strikers have no right to debar employers from the full use

and enjoyment of their own property in the form of machinery, buildings, etc." Certainly not, and neither had the Quakers of forty years ago the slightest right to interfere with the Southern planter's use and enjoyment of his property. Legally, every one who aided in any degree the Underground Railway was either a thief or a receiver of stolen goods, yet we do not honor its promoters the less on that account.

"But violence is uncalled for," it is urged, "force of public opinion is far more effective than force of arms." True, but how is public opinion to be aroused? "If," says Mr. Shaw, "Mr. Frick had refused to arbitrate, or to discuss, or to negotiate, or to be anything else than imperative and arbitrary, the men should have made their protest in a dignified way, appealed to the enlightened and humane opinion of the country, and gone peaceably back to work." Now, it is a sad fact that the enlightened and humane opinion of the country cares remarkably little for the rights or wrongs of any body of workers unless it realizes that these workers are likely to become dangerous to itself. A year and a half ago the Tennessee miners tried an appeal to it with absolutely no effect. Ever since the days of Kingsley a few great-hearted men and women have been trying to rouse it to the evils of the sweating system, yet to-day the sweaters' dens of New York equal almost any scene of horror described in "Alton Locke." Public opinion, like heaven, helps those who are able and ready to help themselves, and there is a grim sarcasm in the advice to workers to defend their rights by an "appeal," accompanied by no stronger demonstration.

"But," it is objected, "the unions admit only a certain number. Suppose they are successful in keeping out other workers, what is to become of these unfortunates who are willing and anxious to work under conditions which the union men will not endure?" Well, what is to become of them? That is one of the serious problems of our problematic age, but it hardly seems fair to throw the responsibility of its solution upon the trades unions, rather than on any other class of men, say, for instance, clergymen or capitalists. How did they fare before the strike began, and what will become of them when it is over? Moreover, it is difficult to see how, in the long run, the condition of unorganized labor will be improved by lowering the condition of organized labor. Eventually, whatever benefits one class of workers benefits all.

To sum up, then, the organized resistance of union men to the introduction of non-union labor is justifiable in principle, since it is a means, and almost the only means, of self-protection for the workers. Moreover it is a natural corollary of the right, now almost universally admitted, of workmen to unite in trades unions,

To admit the one right while denying the other is to be as consistent as the old rulers who proclaimed liberty of conscience, but explained that this meant only liberty to think as one chose, not to speak or act in opposition to established doctrines. Also, such organized resistance is justified by its results, since it is the surest way of calling public attention to the subject of dispute, and forcing the rights and wrongs of laborers and capitalists upon the public mind.

M. K. Conyngton, '94

IV.

As "Far and Near," the organ of the Working Girls' Clubs, enters upon its third year those specially interested in its welfare wish to make a new effort to increase its circulation and to place it upon a firm basis as a business enterprise. They appeal, therefore, to all who believe in the club principles of "co-operation, self-government and self-reliance" to give the paper their support. Trusting to the warm sympathy which exists naturally between college women and the clubs, they ask the favor of the "Wellesley Magazine" and its readers, and urge upon them all to subscribe to this periodical, which, though young, has already a place of its own which no other paper could fill. Subscriptions may be sent to Miss Calkins. The magazine is published monthly, and the subcription price is one dollar. A sample copy may be found on the table of the reading-room.

Exchanges.

Lack of space, not of appreciation, makes it necessary for us to omit our Exchange Department this month.

Alumnae Notes.

Marion L. Gurney, '88, has become Sister Marion, Novice of St. Margaret. At present her work is at St. Margaret's Sisterhood, 17 Louisburg Square, Boston.

Anna Palen, '88, is taking cooking lessons at the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

Harriet Stone, '88, has been re-elected to the position of secretary of the Chicago branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ.

Mary Howe, '88, has returned from abroad and is at home. Her address is 444 Chestnut St, Chicago, Ill.

Catherine Burrowes, '89, is teaching in Monticelli Seminary, Godfrey, Illinois.

Edith Wilkinson is teaching in the Hyde Park High School, Chicago, as for the past two years.

The address of Mrs. Mary Zimmerman Fiske, formerly of '89, is 376 Dayton street, Chicago, Illinois.

Sara H. Groff, '89, is teaching in Greenwich, Conn.

The post-nuptial receptions of Mrs. Sophie Bogue Huff occurred at her home, 5 Washington Place, Chicago, Illinois, in October.

Alice M. Libby, '89, is teaching Greek and Latin in the Hardy School, Duluth, Minnesota.

Florence L. Ellery, '89, is teaching in Miss Crittenden's school in Rochester, N. Y.

The address of Mrs. Hattie Weaver Krohn, '89, is 205 University avenue, Champaign, Illinois.

Miss Ethel Paten, '89, is spending a second winter in Berlin.

Mary Stinson, '89, will be with Miss Paten through November and December.

Florence Soule, '89, has resumed her last year's position in Minnesota.

Julia Ferris, '89, is teaching in Riverside, a suburb of Chicago.

Mary Taylor Blauvelt, B. A., '89, M. A., '92, has an article entitled "The Religious Teachings of Æschylus" in the August and September numbers of "Poet Lore."

May Fine, '89, is spending the fall and a portion of the winter in Nevada and California.

Bessie Mackey, '89, is assistant librarian in Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

Eleanor Gamble, '89, is teaching Greek and Latin in the Plattsburg High School.

Mary Osborne Hoyt, '89, is studying at the Hohnemann Medical College, Chicago.

Katharine M. Quint, '89, is preceptress in a High School in Woodstock, Vt.

Jeannette Welch, '89, is a student of biology in the University of Chicago.

Elsie Thalheimer, '89, is with the American Book Company in New York.

Mrs. Jessie Morgan Eakin, 89, is at her home in Elgin, Ill, as her husband is pursuing advanced work at the University of Chicago.

Mary Louise Pearsons, '89, is teaching mathematics in the Preparatory School of the Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.

Sadie Robson, '89, is still abroad.

The correct post-office address of Mrs. Mark J. Patterson—Mary Ellen Traversee, '89,—is 210 Fay street, Denver, Colorado.

Annie Lord, '90, is teaching German in the Denver College, Colorado.

Grace M. Brackett, '90, is teaching the Sciences in the High School, Holyoke, Mass. Her address is 328 Maple street.

Helen Clarke, '90, is spending the winter on the Pacific coast.

Sarah McNary, '90, is teaching in the Normal School in Newark, and studying history under Professor Salmon of Vassar.

Elizabeth Wiggin, '90, is teaching in Newark, New Jersey.

Mary Orton, '90, is teaching in the Wellesley School in Louisville.

Margaret Ingalls, '88-'90, is also in Louisville in the Wellesley School.

Rose Sears, '90, is in Wellington, Cape Colony, South Africa, teacher of Greek and higher mathematics in Huguenort Seminary.

Alice Jackson, '91, is at Victor Hugo avenue, Paris, studying history and literature.

Amy Morris Mothershead, '91, is teaching in Miss Braun's private school, 431 West 13th street, Kansas City.

The address of Mrs. William Pierpont Edwards, Mae Louise Alden, '91, is Essex street, Longwood, Mass.

Marguerita Spaulding, '91, is visiting in Chicago.

Eva Ewing, formerly of '91, has recently visited May D. Newcomb, '91, while en route to Washington.

Lucy White, '91, is spending the year in Evanston, Illinois, with her brother, who is professor of mathematics in the Northwestern University.

May D. Newcombe, formerly of '91, is teaching English literature in the Columbia School of Oratory, Chicago, Illinois.

Ada Woolfolk, '91, is teaching in the Mary School, St. Louis, Missouri.

Anna Wilkinson, '92, is studying art, both studio work and history of art, at her home, 92 Bowen street, Providence, R. I.

Gertrude Spalding, '92, is teaching for a short time in Albany.

The address of Mrs. Edward M. Bassett—Annie Preston, '83-'85,—is 178 Macon street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Antoinette Cary, formerly of the class of '93, Wellesley, is president of the University Organization in Chicago University.

Miss Alice Dow, formerly of '93, Wellesley, will spend the winter in California.

Miss Mary Marot, formerly of the class of '94, Wellesley, is a student at Chicago University this year.

Marriages.

HAYFORD—KNOWLTON. Nov. 15, at Woburn, Mass., Mary L. Knowlton, '88, to Dr. Ernest L. Hayford. At home, 2741 Paulina street, Ravenswood, Chicago, Ill.

KELLY—BOWERS. Tuesday, Nov. 22, married in St. Peter's Church, Delaware, Ohio, Grace L. Bowers, student at Wellesley, '88-'89, and William J. Kelly of New Orleans.

CRANDALL—HART. In Racine, Wis., Dec. 8, '92, Nellie Hart, '86, to Mr. L. A. Crandall. At home, 4443 Berkeley avenue, Chicago.

BROWN—HICKS. In Lansingburg, N. Y., Nov. 24, '92, Emma Kate Hicks, '89, to Mott D. Brown. At home, 155 Palisade avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

Births.

In Dover, N. J., Sept. 5, a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Mrs. Abbie Condict Singleton, Wellesley, '85-'87.

In Denver, Colorado, September, a second son to Mrs. Mary Ellen Traversee Patterson, '89.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., March 20, '92, a son, Preston Rogers, to Mrs. Annie Preston Bassett, '83-'85.

College Notes.

On Thanksgiving Day, entertainments were, as usual, given by parties of the students at the Women's Prisons at Sherburne and Dedham.

The entertainment at Sherburne consisted of music, vocal and instrumental, the acting of scenes from Lord Fauntleroy and humaniphone.

At Dedham, college songs, the reading of "The Courtin'" and "The Ballad of the Oyster Man," accompanied by Shadow pictures and the acting of "Three Old Maids of Lee" in pantomime made up the programme.

The night before Thanksgiving a candy pull was held at Freeman.

On Thanksgiving Day, as usual, those students who remained at The Eliot during the recess were pleasantly entertained at Freeman.

The Freshman Class will not organize this year until after the semester examinations.

On November 14, a delightful Piano Recital was given in the chapel by Carl Faelten. The programme included selections from the works of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and Chopin.

The second concert in the series of entertainments for the benefit of the Munroe Fund was given in the Chapel, Monday evening, November 21, by Miss Geraldine Morgan, violinist, assisted by Mr. J. J. Hayes, reader, and Miss Minnie A. Stowell, pianist and accompanist.

The Beethoven Quartette of Boston, assisted by Mr. Jacques Benavente, Viola, gave a Chamber Concert on Monday evening, November 28, in the chapel.

The following friends have been welcomed back to Wellesley during the month:

Miss Alice Campbell; Miss Josephine Emerson, '92; Miss Marion Emerson,

Miss Anna Knapp, Miss Theresa Stanton, '92; Miss Cornelia Green, '92; Miss Eleanor Green, '92; Miss Alice Pierce, '92; Miss Margaret Lauder, '92; Miss Esther Bailey, '91; Miss Harriet Towne; Mrs. Mae Alden Edwards, '91; Miss Carol Dresser, '90; Miss Helen Jones Miss; Mabel Curtis, '90; Miss Alice Clement, '91; Miss Esther Pruden, Miss Rachel Hartwell, '91.

Society Notes.

The programme of the last regular meeting of the Agora was as follows:

Functions and Powers of the Supreme Court	Miss MacPherson.
Influence and Practical Working of Supreme Court	Miss Hawley.
Composition and Method of Election of House of Representatives	Miss Hibbard.
Composition and Method of Election of Senate	Miss Lilian Jones.
Comparison of Congress with English Parliament	Miss May Young, '95.

The regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held Dec. 3, 1892.

The following programme was presented:

Georgian Tragedy.

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Miss C. Emerson.
II. The Parallel Development of Greek and English Tragedy . . . . . Miss Campbell.
III. Dramatic Representation.

Henry III. Act III. Scene I.

Queen Katharine	Miss Lincoln.
Wolsey	Miss Shuttlewort'i.
Campeins	Miss Mudgett.
Waiting Woman	Miss A. Bonney.

IV. A Comparison of the Storm and Stress of the Georgian Dramatists with that of Shakespeare's Contemporaries . . . . Miss Lucas.
V. Talk: The Lyric in Georgian Tragedy . . Miss Crapo.
VI. Dramatic Representation.

King Lear. Act IV. Scene VII.

King Lear	Miss Hordon.
Cordelia	Miss White.
Kent	Miss Stahr.
Doctor	Miss Blake.

VII. Beatrice: A Study from "The Cenci" . . Miss Randolph.

The following programme was presented at the regular meeting of Phi Sigma held November 26:

Morris, the Apostle of Beauty.

1. The Spirit of the Pre-raphælite School . . . . Miss Ruddle.
2. Pictures from the Pre-raphælites.
3. William Morris as an Artist . . . . . Miss Simrall.

4. Pictures from William Morris.

At the regular meeting of the Art Society, held in the Art Gallery November 19, Miss Hoopes and Miss Winton of '93, and Miss Strong of the Special Organization were initiated. The following programme was presented:

Shakespearean Drama.

Shakespeare and his Predecessors . . . Miss Rogers.
Tableaux:
a. Tragedy.
1. Marlowe's "Jew of Malta."
2. Shakespeare's "King Lear."
b. Romantic Comedy.
1. Lyly's "Lore or Metamorphosis."
2. Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale."

Z. A. has held its regular programme meetings on November 19th and December 10th.

The general subject of the meetings was "Forecasts in Literature, of the Twentieth Century" The following are the programmes:

November 19th. Poetry and the Drama.

I.	Harbingers of a new school of poetry .	Marion Canfield
II.	Democracy of Walt Whitman . . .	Frances Pinkham
III.	The Future of the Drama	Adah Hasbrook
IV.	Elements of Permanence in Browning's Dramas	Clara Helmer
V.	Forecasts of the Future in "Paracelsus" and "In Memoriam.".	Grace Grenell

December 10th. Criticism and Fiction.

I.	The "New Criticism"	Isabelle Sims
II.	Matthew Arnold as a Critic . . .	Lydia Pennington
III.	Origin, Aim and Character of the Short Story	Helen Bennett
IV.	Comparison of the English and American Short Story	Florence Forbes
V.	The Future of the Novel	Alice Kellogg

College Bulletin.

Jan. 5. Term opens. Dr. Lyman Abbott speaks in the evening.
Jan. 6. Prayer meeting.
Jan. 7. Prayer meeting.
Jan. 8. Dean Huntington of Boston University preaches.
Jan. 9. Reading by Geo. W. Cable.
Jan. 12. Bishop Brooks speaks.
Jan. 15. Dr. McCullough of Worcester preaches.
Jan. 16. Concert.
Jan. 26. Day of prayer for colleges.

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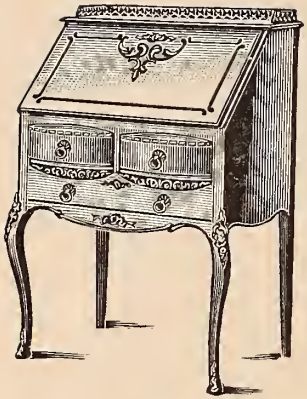

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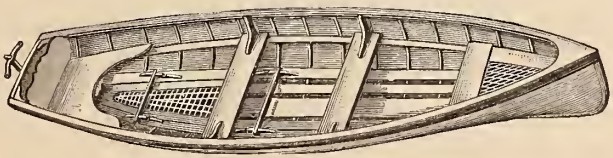

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